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01x18 - Surprise k*ll

by **bunniefuu**

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[Babylon. Two HDGBs(R) -- dressedin cowboy hats, shiny tight-loose jockstraps, silverchaps, and boots -- start dancing to the song "IWanna be a Cowboy" Cut to Our Boys, including Mikedancing away. Dancing, dancing, half-naked g*y men, HDGBseverywhere. Justin and Brian are making nicey-nice on thedance floor. The camera speeds up and then slows down.Finally, a hot-looking cross between David Duchovny andDylan McDermott catches Michael's eye, marches across thedance floor, grabs Mike's butt, and pulls him in close.]

Music:

Boys Don't Cry

I Wanna Be A Cowboy

Ridingon the range,

I've got my hat - on,

I've got my boots - dusty.

I've got my saddle

On my horse.

He's called...T-t-t-t-t-trigger

Of course.

I wanna be a cowboy

and you can be my cowgirl

I wanna be a cowboy

and you can be my cowgirl

I wanna be a cowboy

Riding on the chuck wagon,

Following my man.

Michael: Pardon me, are you a quarterback?

Guy: No, why?

Michael: You intercepted me like I was a football.

Guy: When I see something I want, I grab it and I runwith it.

Michael: And you want me?

Guy: There's no one else in the room, Beautiful. Let's goto the backroom and exchange numbers.

Michael: Wait, I can't. I'm in a relationship.

Guy: I am, too. So?

Michael: So we cannot fool around.

Guy: How long are you two together?

Michael: Almost five months.

Guy: Wait a few more. You will.

[He gives Mike his card.]

[Meanwhile,on the other side of the dance floor, Justin heads up thestairs, looking for Brian. He walks past a couple tryingto compare tonsils just as Brian slings an arm around hisshoulders.]

Justin: Making out on the dance floor. Have you ever seenanything so juvenile?

Brian: I guess you too mature for you, collegeman.

Michael: Who's a collegeman?

Brian: Little Justin is exceppted to Dartmouth.

Michael: Mumsy and Daddy must be so proud!

Justin: I decided not to go.

Brian: Since when?

Justin: Since I realised that I never be a Businessmajor. I decided, I wanne go to the Pittsburgh Instituteof Fine Arts.

Emmett: Bloody dog!

Justin: If I get in.

Brian: And here I'd thought I was finally rid of you.

Justin: Not until I say so!

Michael: I can just imagine what your parents will say.

Justin: I don't care what my parents say. I gotta do whatmakes me happy.

Ted: Spoken like a true disciple of Brian's.

Emmett: What happen to Hunkalicious?

Michael: He try to drag me into the back room!

Emmett: The nerve.

Ted: Treating you like a piece of meat.

Emmett: (whispers to Ted) He gave me a hard-on.

Ted: Likewise.

Michael: I told him I was in a relationship. He goes...

Brian: So what?

Michael: Like he didn't even matter.

Ted: In here, it doesn't.

Brian: So should do him!

Michael: What do you mean, do him?

Brian: I'll get you an instruction manual.

Michael: David would k*ll me.

Brian: David doesn't need to know.

Emmett: As if you'd even be tempted, with Dr. Dreamboatin yo pants!

[Ted's looking around at the upper balcony and stopsshort when he sees Blake.]

Ted:Jesus, look who it is! I doesn't see him in a while.

Emmett: Yeah, all good things must come to an end.

Ted: He's still cute.

Emmett: You say that about all the boys who put you in acoma.

Blake: Hey!

[Blake spots Ted and gleefully runs down the stairs. He'sobviously on about twelve different types of

drugs.]

Blake: Hey you!

Ted: Oh, sh*t!

Blake: Hey, who youre doin'?

Ted: (nervously) Fine, thanks.

Blake: It's great to see you! (whispers in his ear) Youare so sexy.

Ted: Yeah, I believe you used that line on me before.

Blake: You wanna dance?

(All of a sudden a hand comes out of nowhere and pushesBlake away in this sort of weird, stop-action, time warpkind of way.)

Emmett: No, thanks.

Blake: Who is he?

Ted: Emmett, that is Blake.

Emmett: I've heard so much about you.

(Emmett's head does this weird fast-action shake thingstraight out of Freakylinks.)

Blake: Want some gum? Is hottin' here. You're hot. C'mon,dance with me.

(Emmett pushes him back again. Blake looks up at Emmettlike a hurt puppy as Ted turns him down. Ted's head doesthe Freakylinks thing.)

Ted: I said, no thanks.

Blake: I'll see you later.

Emmett: That's one total tweaked-out twinkie...

Ted: You think?

Emmett: Hollow eyes, twenty-two-inch waist, inability to

hold a conversation. He's either a total crystal queen ora supermodel.

[A bit further off, Brian puts onhis coat]

Brian: I'm leaving.

Justin: Where you goin'?

Brian: Home to say my prayers. Should you go home and seeyour hobby?

Michael: He's gonna be on some boring business dinner.

Justin: Hold on a second. I'll come with you.

Brian: Not tonight.

[He leaves without Justin]

Justin: Where is he goin'?

(Michael smiles, but keep silence)

[The Bathhouse. Brian walks in,past a porn movie showing two men making out in a pool.So, Brian's in a towel, walking down a dark hallway, pastother men in towels walking down the dark hallway. One ofthem grabs Brian's crotch, and Brian pauses. They sizeeach other up and decide to move on. Brian takes a peekinto the rooms along the hallway. There's a couplegetting it on. There's another guy just hanging out nakedon a cot. There's another guy taking his towel off as yetanother guy watches. Brian keeps moving. An overweightguy walking out of one of the rooms.]

Marty: Brian! So, what are you doing here in the NinthCircle of Hell?

Brian: I was reading Gorky and got a taste for the lowerdepths.

Marty: See anything interesting?

Brian: A tall redhead in 27 with a black leather dildo.

Marty: Oh, yeah, him. He's definitely a possibility forlater.

Brian: But it's all markdowns.

Marty: If you got into anything give me a hall. I'll behappy to stick a finger in your a*s. So you can go to theballs and f*ck him.

Brian: You're a real pal, Marty.

>[Meanwhile, back at Babylon, Tedmakes his way up to the restroom. A young man is passedout in the middle of the floor. No one's payingattention. Ted cautiously approaches the body on thefloor. It's Blake. Ted swears, then kneels down to try toshake Blake awake. The camera pans underneath the floor,like it's made of glass, so that we can see Blake's facepressed up against the floor, a long stream of vomitcoming out of his mouth.]

Ted: Christ! Blake! Blake! C'mon, Blake! Blake! Blake,c'mon, wake up! Somebody give me a hand here?! Thanks alot(!) Someone help me?! f*ck ALL OF YOU!

[Back at the Baths, Brian'sentered a dark room lit only by blue spotlights. Menhaving sex. With each other. With lots of each others.Brian silently observes it all. There's threesomes andfivesomes and sevensomes. There's this big pyramid of menall attached to one another. Groaning. Brian keepswalking. There's single couples. Having sex. Oral sex.a**l sex. Oral and a**l sex. Brian finally sees someonehe likes, who hands him a popper. Brian snorts it.]

Music:

Mousse T vs Hot N Juicy

#Horny

Yougot me horny in the morning and you kno-o-ow

I try to call you but I can't find the telephone

I sent a message through the Internet but it rejected

I wrote a letter and I sent it with the po-o-ost

The post it takes so long, so I've got to sing this song

To let you know how I feel, what's the deal baby

And I can't wait for you, and the things you make me do

My heart is ringing so I'm singing this song for you

I'm horny

Horny, horny, horny

So horny

I'm horny, horny, horny

I'm horny

Horny, horny, horny

So horny

I'm horny, horny, horny tonight #

[Briansees another couple in the corner, one guy jerking theother guy off. You can't see either of their faces. Brian-- curious -- wanders over. He pulls off the jerkee'stowel from behind.]

Brian: Why don't you take off your towel and stay awhile?

[The jerkee turns around. It's Dr. David Cameron has beenliterally caught red-handed by Brian in the baths.]

Brian: David?

[Brian looks down at David's crotch and then smirks.]

Brian: What's up, Doc?

[The hospital. Ted, Emmett, andthe doctor are in the waiting room.]

Doc: Any idea on what he's on?

Emmett: [reading a magazine] It was crystal meth. I cantell.

Doc: We've got him on IV, we'll keeping him hereovernight. He should be OK to go home tomorrow.

Ted: Thanks, doctor.

[The doctor moves on.]

Emmett: Okay, Nurse Nightingale, you did your good deed,just like a heartwarming episode of... something. Nowlet's get out of here.

Ted: You can't just leave him.

Emmett: Like the way he left you?

Ted: What is when something's happen to him?

Emmett: What do you care? It's not like he's your bestfriend. You don't even know his last name!

[Ted stubbornly sits down in a chair anyway.]

Emmett: Fine, stay all night. I'm goin'.

[David's home. David skulks in.]

Michael: Hey, you're home!

David: Yeah. When you're in?

Michael: Uh, a while ago. How was your dinner? Was itfine?

David: It was all right. How about you? How was Babylon?

Michael: Is was allright.

David: Any cute guys?

Michael: Well, no-one that interested me. You want somemilk and Oreos?

[David grabs him and kisses him. He throws Mike upagainst the wall, pulls Mike's pajama bottoms down, andgets down on his knees. Mike's surprised.]

[Debbie's, the next morning.Debbie -- wearing a pink t-shirt that reads, "I likefags" --yells up the stairs for Justin.]

Debbie: JUSTIN!

Justin: Coming!

[Justin bounces down and takes a seat at the breakfasttable next to Vic.]

Debbie: Christ! Didn't you hear me calling for the lastten minutes?

Justin: I know you think because I'm young, you think I can just tumble out of bed and look like this.

Vic: I don't see why not. I tumble out of bed and looklike this.

Justin: Yeah, well, you're wrong. Even at my age, ittakes time and preparation.

Debbie: Well, at your age is goin, partying until threeevery morning you gonna need a face lift before yourgraduating.

[Vic gazes at Justin for a second and then gestures toDebbie. Debbie pauses, and then grabs a letter off of hekitchen shelf. She hands it Justin.]

Debbie: Uh, this came for you.

Justin: It's from the Pittsburgh Institute of Fine Arts.

Debbie: Oh?

Vic: Well, you want gonna open it?

Justin: I can't.

Debbie: Give it to me.

[Which she does. And reads, with a downcast expression onher face.]

Vic: Well?

[Debbie smiles, handing Justin the

letter]

Debbie: Congratulations, Picasso.

[All screams and laughting.]

[Blake's hospital bed. Ted'ssitting next to it, holding Blake's hand. Blake wakes upwith a start and looks around the room with a wild-eyedexpression, finally settling on Ted. Blake pulls his handaway from Ted's]

Ted: Hey.

Blake: What's goin' on?

Ted: Sorry. I found myself sitting in a hospital roomnext to an unconscious person. Seemed like the thing todo.

Blake: Hospital? Hospital?! Did something happen to me?!Am I right?

Ted: You passed out at Babylon.

Blake: I did?

Ted: I found you unconscious on the bathroom floor.

[Blake just stares at him, all freaked out, and Ted'shead does the Freakylinks thing again.]

Ted: Doctor said your dehydrated, your blood pressure wasvery high.

[Blake, breathing heavily]

Blake: How long I ever been here?

Ted: Since last night. I get you some water.

[Blake reaches out to him]

Blake: No, don't go!

Ted: OK. It's okay. Just calm down.

[Ted eases Blake back onto the hospital bed.]

Blake: Do you have any candy?

Ted: Candy? Life Savers?

[Blake, like, inhales the whole thing.]

Ted: Maybe I should go get the nurse.

Blake: That's okay. Did you stay here this whole time?

Ted: Yes, except at 6 o'clock I went home to pick up someclean clothes for you. Your's were... really disgusting.The doctor said you can go home later.

Blake: What home? I was evicted last month.

Ted: Where you've be staying?

Blake: With some friends.

Ted: Oh, that's good. So they can look after you.

Blake: Not those kind of friends. [he starts to cry] Youmust think I'm so stupid.

Ted: I don't think your stupid. I just think that you'rethis really sweet guy who has some problems and needssome help.

[Blake clutches Ted's arm and weeps]

Blake: I'm going to stop. I am. I'm going to stop.

[Ted reluctantly puts an arm around Blake while hebawls.]

[The Boys' Gym.]

Michael: He came home from dinner so turned on we went atit all night.

Brian: I'm surprised he still had the strength. At hisage.

Michael: I should be in such good shape at his age.

Emmett: You should all be alive at his age.

Brian: So, I wonder why he was so turned on?

Michael: Because I'm irresistible.

Emmett: Because they're in love. And unlike you, theydon't have to prowl around the baths. They findeverything they need, right at home.

Michael: So how was it? Did you see anybody cute?

Brian: Not especially.

Emmett: Last time I was at the baths -- of course, thiswas years ago -- I was in L.A. visiting my friend Shelly.

[Cut to Emmett's flashback. He's walking down a hallway.He's in a towel. He peeked into one of the rooms]

Emmett: "And there was this guy, lying on hisstomach, with his butt up in the air, just screaming,'f*ck me! f*ck me!' So I did, and afterwards, and I got aglimpse of his face, and it was --"

[He leans in to whisper to Brian and Mike.]

Brian: No sh*t! You f*cked...?

[He hold's Brian mouth closed.]

Michael: So, she really is his beard.

Emmett: They don't call her 'Whiskers' for nothing.

[Ted walks up, bone tired.]

Ted: Hey guys. Sorry, I'm late. I had a kind of busymorning.

Emmett: Don't tell me you sat up all night with him.

Michael: Who?

Emmett: The Angel of Death.

Ted: Look, you really don't know how upsetting it is towake up in a hospital room. Believe me, I know.

Emmett: Yeah, thanks to him! OK, so it's over, right?You're done what you all can possible do?

[Ted looks at him guiltily.]

Emmett: Please, please, please tell me you didn't takethat tweaked-out tr*mp home.

[Emmett stomps off in disgust.]

[The Taylors' driveway.]

Jen: Institute of Fine Arts! Oh, I have no idea yourapplied!

Justin: I donna want to tell you until I'm knew. Thereover two thousands applications, but only seventyopenings, and I got in!

Jen: I alaways told you, you're a gifted kid, didn't I?

Justin: Yeah.

Jen: But what about Dartmouth?

Justin: Oh, I just write them and that I'm not goin'.

Jen: [pauses] Justin, you're dad's expecting you to go.

Justin: Because he went there?

Jen: Sweetheart, I know how much you want to be anartist, but you have any idea how hard it is to living?

Justin: Yeah, but it's that what I'm gonna do. What I'vealways wanted to do.

Jen: It's a hard time to convincing him.

Justin: I was hoping that you could help, will you?

[Before Jennifer can answer, a short, red-haired womanwalks up the driveway.]

Sue: Hi, Jennifer.

Jen: Sue. Hi. Uh, this is my son, Justin. Why you just goright on in, I'll be right there.

Sue: Take your time. I'll just wander through.

[She goes inside.]

Justin: Who is she?

Jen: She's a realtor.

Justin: What she doin' here?

Jen: Uhm, I just list the house.

Justin: Your selling the house?

Jen: Justin. Your dad and I, your dad and I, we feel...we don't... we don't belong...

Justin: What?

Jen: Oh, we're getting into divorce.

[Justin's mouth drops open even more than usual.]

[Liberty Diner. Mike and Davidare at the bar.]

David: Have I told you lately how hot you look?

Michael: Actually you have, but it always bearsrepeating.

David: You are so hot.

[He and Mike are about to kiss when Brian interruptsthem. And pushes Mike over so he can sit right betweenthem.]

Brian: How are you, boys? I don't mean to interrupted.

David: Of course you do.

Brian: But you mind if I join' you? Soda water withlemon, no ice. You know, after strenuous activity, whatyou need is plenty of fluids.

David: Thanks for the health tip.

Brian: Anytime. Speaking of exertion, Michael tells meyou two had quite a night last night.

Michael: Oh Jesus, Brian!

David: That's okay. As a matter of fact we did.

Brian: So did I.

Michael: Well, I don't think David wants to hear aboutyour trip to --

Brian: You're right, you're right. He probably wouldn'tapprove. So, what you've been up to lately, doc?

David: Not much. The usual.

Brian: Michael told me you had dinner with some client.

David: That's right.

Brian: Talk about boring. Although I had this one client,Meat and potatoes, wife and kids. Turned out he was g*y.Not only was he g*y, but he wanted to f*ck me.

David: Imagine that.

Brian: What can I say? There's a lot of duplicitouspeople in the world. Cheers.

[Outsidethe diner, Brian walks out and finds David on the curb.]

David: God, I hate the cold. I always thought I couldlive in some place warm like La Jolla, SantaBarbara...business would be good there, too. But I'mstill here.

Brian: Maybe you're deceiving yourself into thinking youwant something you really don't.

David: I want Michael. I love Michael. What you saw lastnight has nothing to do with that.

Brian: You don't have to explain to me, doc. I'm not amember of the q*eer PC Patrol. If you want to go to thebathhouse and get your rocks off, I say do it. As long asyou don't hurt him.

David: I don't intend to. Do you?

[Mike wanders up all cute and puppy-like]

Michael: Hey, want you to bite?

[David slings an arm around his neck and leads him away.]
[Ted's. Ted comes home and finds Blake all scrubbed clean, and cooking many things in the kitchen.]

Blake: You're back?

Ted: You're up? You feelin' better?

Blake: Yeah, actually... great.

Ted: You cook?

Blake: Oh, yeah. I worked at my parents work. I was theoldest of seven kids.

Ted: Seven.

Blake: So, I know how to make a chicken stretch.

[Ted notices that the table's been set and candles havebeen lit.]

Ted: Well, candles and everything.

Blake: What?

Ted: Nothing.

Blake: You want to put up some music?

[Ted puts in an opera.]

Blake: That's nice. What is it?

Ted: La Traviata. You know it?

Blake: Not really.

Ted: It's an opera.

Blake: I figured that much.

Ted: It's about this woman, Violetta. She's acourtesan...

Blake: A what?

Ted: A sl*t, basically. And she likes to go to parties alot.

Blake: I know that type. So, what she's singing about?

Ted: Well, she just meet this really nice guy namedAlfredo and she's wondering if she can give up her lifein the fast lane in order to be with him.

Blake: Does she?

Ted: She gives it a shot.

[Blake opens the refrigerator and pulls out a pitcher ofwater. As Ted watches him pour water into two clearglasses, he flashes back to the night when Blake offeredhim a whole glass of GHB. Blake turns to give him aglass, sees the look on Ted's face and laughs]

Blake: It's just water.

[Ted nods uncertainly.]

Blake: This diner is sort of ... Thank you for being sonice to me.

Ted: You didn't have to do that.

Blake: Yeah, I did. Actually, I wish there was somethingmore I could do.

[He takes the glass out of Ted's hands and leans in.]

Ted: What are you doin'?

Blake: We're getting not far the last time I was here.

Ted: Yeah, I kinda checked out in the middle.

Blake: I figured we could just pick up from what we leftof.

[Blake looks a lot older up close. Ted reaches for him,and they start kissing.]

[The Happy Fun House. Brian'sLesbians are also kissing. And laughing, so thatreconciliation thing must be working out for them. Theygiggle into the living room, Mel holding a big flat boxbehind her. Justin's on the couch]

Mel and Linds: Ta dah!

Justin: Is that for me?

Mel: Yes, for you! Who else?

Lindsay: Who else? Go on, open it.

[They got Justin a super-duper deluxe art supplies box.]

Lindsay: It's for getting you into the IFA.

[Justin wistfully runs his hands over the contents]

Mel: It's what all great artists get. Lindsay knows thisthings. [whispers] He's so surprised he's speechless.

Lindsay: I know you want to get into computer graphicsand animation, but first you're going to have to studyall the traditional techniques -- still life, life class,composition -- because no matter what you eventually do,you need to have solid, classical training.

Mel: Even Picasso knew how to draw people's eyes in theright places.

[Justin closes the box with a snap]

Justin: Thank you guys, it is so nice. But I decided togo to Dartmouth.

[David's. David is on the couch,staring into space, not reading his book. Mike walks intothe living room and startles him out of his reverie.]

Michael: Enjoying the book?

David: Yeah, it's a real page turner.

Michael: How came your on the same page your for an houragain?

David: I just coppy.

Michael: Yeah, your easy to catch. Especially when youtalking with a lot of us in a sentence. Giving time whatto say next and your hand covering your mouth.

David: Observant. Michael, I should say you the truth.

Michael: It's no big deal. You don't finished your book.

David: No, no about last night.

Michael: Well, honey, when you said you could come afourth time, I knew you were lying.

David: When I said I had a business dinner I didn't havea business dinner. I went into the Baths.

Michael: What you're doin' there?

David: Mostly walking around. It's not something I do alot, Michael. It was the first time since we've beentogether.

Michael: I don't want to talk about it.

David: I thoughed you should know.

Michael: That you're f*cking around?!

David: I don't f*ck!

Michael: And then you come home and you f*ck me. If yougave me anything...

David: I said I don't f*ck! Mostly I just jerk off.

Michael: Mostly. I don't understand. Aren't I enough foryou?

David: Yes, of course you are.

Michael: Then why would you do that?

David: I don't know. I guess it's the thrill. I want theguys to...think I'm attractive. Sometimes I feel like Ihave to be off on my own.

Michael: You are such a liar.

David: It was the truth, Michael.

Michael: f*ck your truth and f*ck you!

[And runs out of the house.]

[Emmetts home.]

Ted: Well, we knew he was too good to be true.

Emmett: Men. They're all the same.

Ted: Except for you, Michael.

Emmett: You are a saint.

Michael: I don't want to be a saint. I want to be aruthless, heartless sh*t who f*ck whoever he wantswithout regret or remorse.

Brian: I'm sorry, that position has already been filled.

Michael: For once I wasn't referring about you; I wastalking about David.

Emmett: I say cut him loose, b*stard. Show him you're toogood for him. He doesn't deserve you.

Brian: And who does Michael deserve?

Emmett: Someone who will cherish him. Who will befaithful? Someone for whom he will be the sun and themoon and the stars.

Brian: On what f*cking Bette Davis are you living in? [toMichael] And what did you think would happen -- that youwould be monogamous forever?

Emmett: This is so like-you to make some vile, h*m*.

Brian: h*m*?

Emmett: Yes, just because we're g*y, it's not possiblefor us to have a loyal, loving relationship?

Brian: Not because we're g*y, because we're men.

Ted: It's not different for straight guys -- I readsomewhere that sixty-four percent of straight menadmitted that they've been unfaithful.

Emmett: I wouldn't know. I've only slept with thirty-twopercent of them.

[The Boys all laugh. Except Mike]

Michael: What, I'm supposed to let David do whatever hewants? Whoever he wants?

Brian: I didn't say that. But maybe you should establishsome rules. Decide what's acceptable and what's not.

Michael: I don't think I can do that.

Brian: Well, then that's fine. End it all over a handjob.

[Walking outside with Brian.]

Michael: I don't not know why I'm asking for your advice.

Brian: Because I'm younger and wiser.

Michael: You're never been in a relationship, yet.

Brian: A f*cking hate that word.

Michael: You don't know what it's like.

Brian: I know he told you the truth. And I've got to givehim credit. I'm sure he wouldn't.

Michael: You mean, you knew?

Brian: Remember back last night? After I left you? Wheredid I go?

Michael: The Bath.

Brian: And where did he go?

Michael: sh*t. Did he any...?

Brian: No.

Michael: And you weren't gonna tell me?

Brian: If I had, you would have just thought I was tryingto break you up. Anyways it's not my business goes armwith you two lovebirds.

Michael: Well, if he can do it, maybe I should, too.

Brian: Then do it. Only stop carrying on like somebetrayed little housewife.

[The Gas Station. Ted goes insideto pay for the pump]

Ted: Hi, I get pump on row 3.

[But he can't find his wallet. La Traviata plays faintlyin the background]

Ted: Hold on, my wallet must fall out.

[Ted looks in his car. No wallet. He gets this look onhis face like, oh, no.]

[Back at his apartment, Ted tearsthe place apart, looking for the missing wallet. No dice.Blake walks in at the absolutely worst time.]

Blake: Hey.

Ted: Where were you?

Blake: I've been out. To get you this.

Ted: Thais.

Blake: I asked the guy at the store if he knew anothergood opera about a sl*t.

Ted: This is expensive.

Blake: I don't care how much it cost.

Ted: I do. How do you pay for it? You don't have a singlecent.

Blake: I got a friend of mine to give back the money heowned me.

Ted: And you spent all of it on me.

Blake: Not all of it.

Ted: Look, you can keep the cash, I don't care aboutthat. But please give it back to me so I don't have tocancel my cards.

Blake: What are you talking about? Give what back?

Ted: God, you must think that I am so pathetic. Mywallet, that's what I'm talking about.

Blake: I swear to you, I did not take your wallet.

Ted: Yeah, right I believe you. It just walked out on itsown. So, if you happen to see it out walking around inthe streets, would you please ask it to come home? Getout of here.

Blake: Where?

Ted: Wherever the f*ck you would have gone if I hadn'tpicked you up off that bathrooms floor, taken you to thehospital, and brought you back here!

Blake: What about your clothes?

Ted: You know what? Keep it. I don't want them. And here.[give him back Thais] Return this for the money your'friend' gave you. I already have it.

[He slams the door on the way out.]

[Debbie's. Debbie's working onthe sewing machine as Justin tries to sneak past her upthe stairs.]

Debbie: Hey! What am I? The invisible woman? Come backhere. I've taking up the garbage. It's amazing what youfind in the garbage, even on your own. And look what I'mfound. Luckily I'm retrieve before my pesto from lastnight are all over.

Justin: I don't want them.

Debbie: You don't want them?

Justin: That's why I'm put them away.

Debbie: But these are works of art! I mean, look at thisone! You could frame them.

Justin: Then you keep them. I've giving it up.

[He tries to go upstairs]

Debbie: Hold it! Get your bubble butt back here. What doyou mean, you givin' it up?

Justin: Just what I'm said.

Debbie: You don't just give it up. It's like giving upeating, or breathing.

Justin: I'm still inhaling and exhaling. Call me whendinner's ready.

Debbie: You watch your mouths, smartass. You're an artistand you got a gift.

Justin: Big deal.

Debbie: It is a big deal. That's something that was givento you!

Justin: Well, I didn't ask for it and I don't want it.

Debbie: Well, it's too late. It's yours, it's who youare!

Justin: It's not who I am! I'm goin' to Dartmouth andgetting an MBA. That what my parents want.

Debbie: Well, with all due respect to your mother, who'sa very lovely lady, who gives a sh*t what they want? Thisis your life!

Justin: Deb, I've caused them so much trouble. Theygettin' into devorce.

Debbie: Honey... Justin. Sunshine, you didn't break uptheir marriage. No kid has the power to do that. Justlike you don't have the power to put them back together.But you do have the power to f*ck up your own life. Makesure you think twice before you do it.

[Mike waits in a snow-coveredpark. Really Hot Guy shows up -- walks up behind Mike.]

Guy: Hey.

Michael: Hi. I was beginning that you weren't coming.

Guy: Well, saying it was a bit out of the way.

Michael: Well, I thoughed we're alone, talk and go for awalk.

Guy: Yeah, sure. I couldn't believe you called. Afterwhat you've told me about you and your lover.

Michael: Yeah, well, things changes.

Guy: So, you want to mess around.

Michael: Can we please not talk about it?

Guy: Sure.

[They start kissing.]

[Emmett's place. Emmett -- whohas taken the door out of his bedroom and replaced itwith a beaded curtain -- gets dressed while Ted mopes inthe living room.]

Emmett: Honey, you did the right thing. You should feelvery good about yourself.

Ted: I do. Can't you tell? Woohoo.

Emmett: I'm serious. You said to that piece ofdruggy-disco-trash to get lost. If there was a magazinecalled Self-Esteem, you'd be the cover boy. You're theimage of dignity.

[On cue, he parts the beaded curtain to show off hislatest outfit: a black fishnet button-down shirt overtight hip-huggers. Pretty conservative for Emmett.]

Emmett: What do you think?

Ted: You're the image of dignity.

[Emmett blows him a raspberry.]

Ted: He was practically in tears then.

Emmett: Yeah because he knew you would cancel your creditcards before he could get the jackpot.

Ted: But he seems sincere.

Emmett: Please, you'd have to be a desperate queen tofall for that eleven o'clock number -- which you're not.

Ted: What if something happens to him? What if... What ifyou starts hustling. What if I found out that he died? Iwould have that on my conscience for the rest of my life!

[Emmett re-emerges in a long-sleeved shirt, with thechest cut out and replaced with clear plastic.]

Emmett: Oh, my god! You are listening to too many opera!You offered him your home, your trust. You literally gavehim the clothes off your back -- something, by the way,that I would never do. And how did you repay you?

Ted: You're right. Allright. When I even gonna learn?

Emmett: C'mon, let's go to Babylon. Dozens of beautifulmen will reject you, and you'll feel so much better.

[Ted grins. He puts his hand on the couch in order topush himself up, and slips his hand under a throw pillow,then freezes.]

Emmett: What's up?

Ted: Oh, nothing. Just my wallet.

[Babylon! As the techno mix of"Forever Young" pumps in the background]

Emmett: So, you misjudged him. You said a lot of terriblethings that weren't true.

Ted: Me? What about you?!

Emmett: Well, everyone knows that I'm a terrible judge ofcharacter.

Brian: Yeah, just look at who he hangs out with.

[Emmett nearly spits up his beer, laughing. Ted slams hisbeer down]

Ted: I gonna find him to apologize.

Brian: Try the bathroom floor.

Ted: f*ck you!

[Nearby,Justin's trying to get a beer from the bar.]

Justin: I said I want a beer.

Bartender: Not without ID.

Justin: Who do you have to f*ck to get a g*dd*mn drinkaround here?!

Brian: Me. [to be bartender] Two bears. [The bartenderglares at them.] I'm thirsty!

[Brian takes the beers and raises

one of them in a toast]

Brian: To Dartmouth. And to your bright shining future asPittsburgh's newest Andy Carnegie.

Justin: I'll drink to that.

[Brian moves the beer out of reach and adds]

Brian: Only, I thought you were going to be the next AndyWarhol.

Justin: I changed my mind.

Brian: And after all the trouble I went to, to make youthe best h*m* I could.

[He shoves a beer over to Justin]

Brian: I can't believe you'd blow it. And over theflimsiest excuse: 'I've caused my parents enough pain.'How can you even stand there and look me in the eye?

Justin: It's true.

Brian: It's bullshit. They cause their own pain, justlike everyone else. And now you're going to give upeverything you want, just to make them happy? That istotally f*cked!

Justin: Shut up, Brian, you don't know anything!

Brian: I know it's scarier finding your own way thandoing what's expected.

Justin: I'm not scared.

Brian: shyeah, right, you're terrified! Just like thenight you met me. I was sure you'd run back home, but youdidn't. You said, 'I'm going with him.'

Justin: I cannot believe you remember that, consideringyou couldn't even remember my name.

Brian: And look what happened.

Justin: I turned into a Big q*eer.

Brian: Yeah, lucky for you, or else I wouldn't be wastingmy time. But it's too late now. There's no turning back.

[Taking Justin's hand, Brian leads him to the dancefloor. They dance in slo-mo, surrounded by HDGBs andwatched over by Go-Go Dancers in w*r paint and breeches.]

Music:

Temperance

Forever Young

Somany adventures couldn't happen today

So many songs we forgot to play

So many dreams are swinging out of the blue

We let them come true

Forever young, I want to be forever young

Do you really want to live forever, forever and ever<

Foreveryoung, I want to be forever young

Do you really want to live forever, forever and ever<

Foreveryoung, I want to be forever young

Do you really want to live forever, forever and ever #

[David's. Mike quietly enters theliving room, and finds Davaid on the floor, organizingCDs.]

David: I was worried about you.

Michael: You could have called.

David: I did. You're cell phone was off.

Michael: What are you doin'?

David: I re-organizing CDs. And before that, I did DVDs,I did the books, I did the medicine cabinet, I didstemware -- where the f*ck where you?

Michael: Out.

David: With The Boys or at the movies?

Michael: I was with someone.

[David closes his eyes in horror.]

Michael: There was this guy I... I did tell you about theother night at Babylon. He gave me his phone number. Hewas hot and I was attracted to him so I thoughed 'whatthe heck?' I called him up.

David: You don't need to give me all the details,Michael.

Michael: Yeah, I do. We hooked up and uh... we went backto his place and we start to fooling around. And he wasgiving me a blow job. I suddenly realized that I didn'twant my d*ck in his mouth. So, I told him to stop. And Ileft, and I came home.

David: Why? I mean, why did you tell him to stop?

Michael: Because it didn't mean anything. It was justsex. And with us, it's always been more than that.

David: I promise I won't go to the baths anymore. Youhave my word.

Michael: I don't want you to promise. It might not be apromise you can keep. And the same thing goes for me; Ican't promise you that someday something won't happen.We're guys, and guys slip up. All we can do is berealistic about it, and realize that it doesn't mean thatwe don't love each other. Just take it from there.

David: Wanna help me get things back in order?

[Justin's room. Justin prints outhis acceptance letter to Dartmouth, with Queen playing inthe background. "Dear Sirs, This is to inform youthta I will be attending Dartmouth College as a member ofthe Freshmen Class. Sincerely yours..." Justin looksit over, and then looks up and sees his jeans jackethanging on the door. He looks down at the letter again,and then grabs a notebook, flips the letter over, andstarts drawing a sketch of the jacket on the back of theletter. Justin smiles.]

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